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“You are the only man I ever heard of,” Mengel said to me this morning, “who has a bad conscience about what he did in the war. Everybody else, no matter what side he was on, is sure a good man could not have acted in any other way.”<sup>1</sup>

“What could be worse than hell?” he said.

“Purgatory,” I said.<sup>2</sup>

No young person on earth is so excellent in all respects so as to need no uncritical love. Good Lord — as youngsters play their part in political tragedies with casts of billions, uncritical love is the only real treasure they can look for.<sup>3</sup>

“It’s all I’ve seen, all I’ve been through,” I said, “that makes it damn near impossible for me to say anything. I’ve lost the knack of making sense. I speak gibberish to the outside world, and it replies in kind.”<sup>4</sup>

I had hoped, as a broadcaster, to be merely ludicrous, but this is a hard world to be ludicrous in, with so many human beings reluctant to laugh, so incapable of thought, so eager to believe and snarl and hate. So many people *wanted* to believe me! <sup>5</sup>

Say what you will about the sweet miracle of unquestioning faith, I consider the capacity for it terrifying and absolutely vile.<sup>6</sup>

I doubt if there has ever been a society that has been without strong and young people eager to experiment with homicide, provided no very awful penalties are attached to it.<sup>7</sup>

Generally speaking, espionage offers each spy an opportunity to go crazy in a way he finds irresistible.<sup>8</sup>

I have never seen a more sublime demonstration of the totalitarian mind, a mind which might be likened unto a system of gears whose teeth have been filed off at random. Such a snaggletoothed thought machine, driven by a standard or even substandard libido, whirls with the jerky, noisy, gaudy pointlessness of a cuckoo clock in Hell...

The dismaying thing about the classic totalitarian mind is that any given gear, though mutilated, will have at its circumference unbroken sequences of teeth that are immaculately maintained, that are exquisitely machined.<sup>9</sup>

“There are plenty of good reasons for fighting,” I said, “but no good reason ever to hate without reservation, to imagine that God Almighty Himself hates with you, too. Where’s evil? It’s that large part of every man that wants to hate without limit, that wants to hate with God on its side. It’s that part of every man that finds all kinds of ugliness so attractive.”<sup>10</sup>

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